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On Campus with Max Shulman

(By the Author of "Rally Round the Flag, Boys!" and, "Barefoot Boy with Cheek.")

TILL WE MEET AGAIN

This is the last column of my fifth year of writing for Philip Morris and Marlboro. I have made it a custom in the last column of each year not to be funny. I know I have also realized this aim in many other columns during the year, but that was not for lack of trying. Today I am not trying. I am not trying for two reasons: First, because you are getting ready for final exams and in your present state of shock, nothing in the world could possibly make you laugh. And second, this final column of the year is for many of us a leave-taking, and good-byes always make me too misty to be funny.

For me the year ends neither with a bang nor a whimper, but with a glow—a warm, pleasant, mellow glow—the kind of glow you will find, for example, at the end of a Philip Morris or Marlboro.

It has been in every way a gratifying experience, my five years with the makers of Philip Morris and Marlboro, and I would like to take this opportunity to extend my heartfelt appreciation to these good tobacconists, to assure them that the memory of their kindness will remain ever green in my heart, and to remind them that they still owe me for the last three columns.

And in these waning days of the school year, let me address myself seriously to you, my readers. Have I trod on any toes this year? Ruffled any feelings? Jostled any sensibilities? If so, I am sorry.

Have I occasioned any laughs? Chuckles? Sniggers? Mona Lisa smiles? If so, I'm glad.

Have I persuaded any of you to try Philip Morris and Marlboro? To taste that fine flavor? To smoke that excellent tobacco? If so, you are glad.

And now the long, lazy summer lies ahead. But for me summer is never lazy. It is, in fact, the busiest time of year. Two summers ago, for instance, I was out ringing doorbells every single day, morning, noon, and night. There was a contest, you see, and the kid in my neighborhood who sold the most bluing won a pony. I am proud to report that I was the lucky winner.

Last summer I was also out ringing doorbells every single day, morning, noon, and night. I was trying to sell the pony.

This summer I am not going to be out ringing doorbells. I am going to saddle the pony and ride to Hollywood, California. What am I going to do in Hollywood, California? I am going to write a series of half-hour television comedies called THE MANY LOVES OF DOBIE GILLIS, and starting in October, 1959, your friends and mine, the makers of Philip Morris and Marlboro, are going to bring you this program over the Columbia Broadcasting System every Tuesday night at 8:30. Why don't you speak to your housemother and ask her if she'll let you stay up to see it?

And now good-bye. For me it's been kicks all the way, and I hope for you it hasn't been altogether unbearable. Have a good summer. Stay well. Stay cool. Stay loose.

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For us, the makers of Philip Morris and Marlboro, it's been kicks too, and we would like to echo kindly old Max's parting words: Stay well. Stay cool. Stay loose.

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